LONDON: FREDERICK BENTLEY, 8, STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

75

Racing and Chasing

The Road the River and the Hunt.

Illustrated in Fifty Drawings

By

HABLOT K. BROWNE "PHIZ".

ENGRAVED BY GRAPHOTYPE

LONDON: FREDERICK BENTLEY, 8, STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Tumbletown Steeple Chase.

No. 1.—The Favourite.
,, 2.—The Start.
,, 3.—Too Hot to last.
,, 4.—Yellow Leads.
,, 5.—A Scramble.
,, 6.—The Brook.
,, 7.—The Lane.
,, 8.—A Straggler.
,, 9.—Women and Horses.
,, 10.—Heads or Tails.
,, 11.—The Last Fence.
,, 12.—After the Race.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, 1867.

No. 1.—On the Banks.
,, 2.—On the River.
,, 3.—On the Bridge.
,, 4.—A Run for it.

Hunting Sketches.

No. 1.—Going to Cover.
,, 2.—An Agricultural Lecture.
,, 3.—Follow my Leader, eh?
,, 4.—The Man who Rode the Lanes.
,, 5.—Whistle!
,, 6.—Over the Hills and Far Away.
,, 7.—Tommy Dumpty.
,, 8.—Decidedly Cool.
,, 9.—Look Out.
,, 10.—What a Pity.
,, 11.—A Sporting Parson.
,, 12.—A Christmas Dole.

Angling Sketches.

No. 1.—Look Behind.
,, 2.—Very like a Poacher.
,, 3.—A Bouncer.

The Wimbledon Meeting.

No. 1.—The War-horse.
,, 2.—Fraternisation.

Rotten Row.

No. 1.—As it Was.
,, 2.—As it Is.
,, 3.—Music and Memory.
,, 4.—Well, I Never.
,, 5.—What a Shame it is.

Sketches at the Seaside.

No. 1.—Those Donkey Chaises.
,, 2.—It's so Good for the Legs.
,, 3.—Clara's Pony.
,, 4.—The Three Donkeys.
,, 5.—So very Obliging.
,, 6.—Not a Bad Guess.
,, 7.—Doing the Picturesque.

Miscellaneous.

The *De*-Light of other Days.
Getting him into Training.
Extremes meet.
A very fine Field for Reflection.
Oh, Fie! Father Chasuble.

The Drawings by HABLOT K. BROWNE, Engraved by the GRAPHOTYPING COMPANY, (Limited),
7, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, London. W.C.

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 1.—*The Favourite.*

"Oh! that's the favourite, is it? Well, I daresay he can gallop, and *if* he can jump, and doesn't bungle his fences, and *if* he can stay, and *if* he is well and fairly ridden, and *if* &c., &c.—he *may* win—but—I don't think I'll lay odds on him!"

"Your *if* is your only safe book-maker. Much virtue in *if*."

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 2.—*The Start.*
"Ten to one on Bobby."

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 3.—*Too hot to last.*

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 4.
"Here they come, Yaller a-leading!"

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 5.—*A Scramble.*
"Down and off, and up and on again!"

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 6.—*The Brook.*
"In for a penny and more than a pound!"

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 7.
"In and out of the Lane (and the mud)."

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 8.—*A Straggler.*
"Come along, Sir, don't be afear'd, we'll catch yer!"

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 9.—*Vimmen and Osses.*

STOUT PARTY.—"He aint half in earnest, he aint. Vimmen and Osses knows ven a man *means* a thing! Now I'll bet you tuppence *my* old mare wouldn't serve *me* that trick twice!"

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 10.—*Heads or Tails.*

"Well, if Jack Sprightly doesn't win by a 'head,' he ought to by a 'tail,' anyhow!"

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 11.—*The Last Fence.*
"But where is 'Bobby' now?"

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 12.

GENTLEMAN JOCKEY.—"She galloped in beautiful form up to—up to—the first fence—and there she stopped."

"No, really! did she though? what a clever, sensible little mare!"

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE. No. 1.—*On the Banks.*

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE. No. 2.—*On the River.*

(Odd Fellows on the River.) First *HOD* Man.—"Pull away, Phil!—give 'em a spurt! and they'll take us for some of them Cambridge coves, and lay no end of hodds on us!"

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE. No. 3.
"On the Bridge—all in suspense."

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE. No. 4.—*A run on the Banks during the Race.*

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 1.
"Going to Cover."

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 2.—*An Agricultural Lecture.*

FARMER WURZELL.—"Now, Gem'men, what I've got to say is,—If you can't ride *over* my fences, I'm blest if you shall go *through* them!"

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 3.

"Follow, follow me!"

"I'll be darn'd if I do!—you're a very nice young woman, I dare say—but I'm no follower of your'n. Besides, what *would* my Missis say!"

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 4.

"Won't he catch it?" "I believe you, Captain Blazer (the master) will be up in a minute."—Spooner, who has been riding the lanes, contrives to head the fox.

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 5.
"Whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad!"

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 6.—*Over the Hills and Far away.*

YOKEL (To half-baked Stagger).—"Lor' bless ye, measter!—he's half an hour ahead on ye—reet over Bastem Hills."

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 7.

"The very best run of the season"—and Tommy Dumphty has a capital view of it.

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 8.

"Well, now I call that cool! to pitch me in here, and then begin munching and munching as if nothing had happened! Oh!—by Jove!—this ditch is *cool* too."

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 9.

The fences are very blind just now—and the riders too, occasionally.

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 10.

"A very nice little thing to begin with!—and just what my mare can do so cleverly! what a pity I MUST go round to Farmer Bean—and so I shan't be able to join in until they get to Pudding Lane."

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 11.

Sporting Parson.—"Well! I'm d——, b— b— blest (I mean), if the cunning beggar hasn't run to ground in MY OWN churchyard!"

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 12.
"The Squire's Christmas Tip."

"I THINK HE'LL CATCH IT!—DON'T YOU?"

"SPORT."—*Mr. Jack Pike (who is trespassing upon Ebenezer Graham's grounds) has landed two fine trout, and is thinking how nice they will be for supper, when Ebenezer approaches.*

EBENEZER.— * * * * "and so thou callest this 'Sport?'"
JACK PIKE.—"Oh, yes! glorious Sport!"
EBEN.—"And thou fishest ONLY for the SPORT?"
J. P.—"Yes! yes! for the sport—the excitement—you know."
EBEN.—"Nothing else?"
J. P.—"Oh, no! nothing else."
EBEN.—"Then, Friend, I will relieve thee of these poor trout, for I think them very good eating; and by-and-bye I will send Rebecca, my handmaiden, unto thee for any more thee mayest have the SPORT to catch!"

Perhaps it is needless to say that when Rebecca does "put in an appearance" J. P. AND trout "have vanished into thin air."

THE BOATING PARTY.

The others have gone on ahead, asking Blusher to wait for and bring on Miss Rose Bouncer. Blusher enters into this arrangement with pleasurable anticipations, as Miss Rose B. has been described by that fellow Chaffer, as "a jolly nice little girl!!"

AT THE CAMP. WIMBLEDON.

"Well, Buffles, old boy! let's take a last fond look at you as 'Buffles Entire!' for if you really be rash enough to trust your valuable carcase OUTSIDE that fiery, ferocious animal, on Review Day, no rational person will ever expect to see you again,—except in pieces.

AT THE CAMP. WIMBLEDON.—*L'entente cordiale.*

Achille and Hector find the Wimbledon welcome wondrously warm, but the Wimbledon furze ferociously prickly, when—by accident, of course—they are plumped down upon it, off "Brothers" Brown and Smith's (rather unevenly "elevated") shoulders!

ROTTEN ROW. No. 1.
As it was *with* the "Galloping Snob."

ROTTEN ROW. No. 2.
As it is, and as we hope it will continue to be, *without* the "Galloping Snob."

ROTTEN ROW. No. 3.

The Guards' Band striking up a well-known quadrille, Bumpus's "animal," which has been highly trained (in a circus) dances it beautifully, to the great delectation of the other equestrians, and SLIGHT discomfort of Bumpus.

ROTTEN ROW. No. 4.

Old Country Dame.—"No! I never! well!—I never! I declare! did *that* sort of thing in *my* young days." (Probably not.)

ROTTEN ROW. No. 5.

Cruel Old Joker.—"Well, Archy! so you are off to school soon, eh? Where are you going?"

Archy.—"To Dr. Tickleum's."

Cruel Old Joker.—"Oh! poor fellow, oh! what a shame to send you there!—Why, that's the very worst school in all England for whacking! they quite spoil the shape of the boys there; they don't know when to stop, but whack, whack, till they beat them QUITE FLAT!!! Then what is a fellow after that? How can anybody go floundering through the world like a flat sole?"

Archy.—"Then I shan't go—I'll tell Pa, and get him to send me where you went, Uncle, for I'm sure they turned you out round enough."

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES. No. 1.

"How nice, dear, these sea-side carriages are! so much better than those nasty shaky 'busses, and those dirty London cabs!—how safe, too, for the dear children!"

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES. No. 2.
"Why don't you try it, Aunty? John, there, says it's so good for the legs."

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES. No. 3.

"Well, Clara, how do you like your pony?"
"Oh! very well, Mr. Cobbles; but I should like him ever so much better if his legs were a trifle longer—like John's!"

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES. No. 4.

Rosa.—"Oh! let's have a donkey each. It will be such fun! See, there are just three!"

Clara.—(Looking quite in the opposite direction.)—"So there are—and I'll have the little, round, cobby fellow!"

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES. No. 5.

"Will you allow me, Mr. Larky, to rest my glass on your shoulder for one minute?"

"Oh! certainly, sir; for twenty, if you like!"

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES. No. 6.

"What have I got behind me, Charley? you can't tell!"
CHARLEY.—"Can't I, though?"
"Well, what?"
CHARLEY.—"Why, a sweetheart, to be sure."

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES. No. 7.

"There, out yonder, you see the sea! there, to the right, is 'Hazy Head,' and there's 'Hob's Nose,' and that's 'Bob's Nose.' There's 'Becky's Fall,' tumbling into the little river full of such nice little trout, running along 'Crasher's Bottom,'—and there"——here the pony, worried by flies, and further aggravated by the reins under her tail kicks out and bolts, and the admirers of the picturesque very soon find their own—level.

THE *DE*-LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.
"Ups and Downs in Surrey."

"GETTING HIM INTO TRAINING"

"EXTREMES MEET."

FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.—*Stubble Field Reflections.*

OLD MAIDEN AUNT.—"What a field for Christian contemplation! Thus we ripen and reach maturity—then comes the Great Reaper, Death, with his sickle, and mows us down."

NEPHEW.—"What a stunning stubble field! If I don't clear a few brace off that on the FIRST, before breakfast, I'm a Turk."

"OH!"

This being "SEASONABLE," may be excusable on the part of the Rev. Chasuble—his jolly old uncle would *of course* think nothing of it—but what *would* his prim aunt say—IF she saw him?

185